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To His HIGHNESS the
Prince of Orange.

The Humble ADDRESS and SUPPLICATION of the PARISHONERS and INHABITANTS
Of the Famous TOWN of

LINTON SUBMETRAPOLITAN of TIVIODALE.

P R O L O G U E

Victorious SIR, still faithful to thy Word,
Who Conquer more by Kindness than by Sword,
As thy Ancestors brave with matchless Vigor
Cauf'd *Hogen Mogon* make so great a Figure.
So Thou that art great Britains only *Moses*;
To guard our Ancient *Thistle* with the *Roses*;
The discords of the *Harro*, in tune to bring
And curb the pride of Lillies in the Spring.
Permit, Great SIR, poor Us amongst the Press
In humble terms, to make this blunt Address;
In *Linton Verse*, for as your Highness knows
You have good Rore of Noncense else in Prose.

SIR, first of all that it may please
Your Highness to give Us an ease;
Of our Oppressions more or less,
Especially that Knave the Cess.
And Poverty for Pity crys
To modifie our dear Excise:
If You'l not trust Us when we say't,
Faith, SIR, We are not able to pay't:
Which makes Us sigh when we should sleep,
And fast when We should go to Meate:
Yea scarce can get it when to borrow,
Yet drink we must to *Robertson*.
For this our Grief, SIR, makes Us now
Sleep seldom found till We be fow.
SIR, Let no needles Forces stand,
To plague this poor, but valiant Land.
And let no *Rhetorick* procure
Pensions only but to the Poor.
That Spendthrift Courtiers get no share
To make the King's Exchequer bare.
Then Valiant SIR, We beg at large,
You will free Quarters quite discharge.
We dwell upon the King's high Street,
And scarce a day we miss some Chear.
For Horse and Foot when they come by;
SIR, be they Hungry, Cold or Dry;
They Eat and Drink, and burn our Peats,
With feind a Farthing in their Breicks.
Destroy our Hey, and press our Horse,
Whiles break our Head's and that is worse
Consume both Men and Horses Meate,
And make both Wives and Bairns to greit,
By what is said your Highness may
Judge if two Stipends we can pay:
And therefore if You wish us well
You must with all speed Reconcile;
Two Jangling Sons of the same Mother,
Elliot and *Hay* with one another;
Pardon Us, SIR, for all Your Witt,
I fear that prove a kittle Putt.
Which tho' the wiser Sort condole,
Our *Linton* Wives still blow the Coal;
And Women here as well we ken,
Would have Us all *John Thomsons* Men.
Therefore, dear SIR, e're You be gone,
Cast Kirk and Meeting-House in one;
Whose mutual Charities are as scant
As Papists is to Protestant.
SIR, it was said ere I was born,
Who blows best bears away the Horn;

And he that Lives and Preaches best
Should win the Pulpit from the rest.
The next Petition that We make,
Is that for brave Old *Teviot's* sake,
Who had great Kindness for this Place,
You'l move the Duke our Masters Grace;
To put a Knock upon our Steeple,
To shew the Hours to Countrey People:
For We that live into the Town,
Our sight grows dim by Sun go down.
And charge, SIR, our Street to mend,
And Caskey it from end to end.
Pay but the Workmen for their pains,
And we will joyntly lead the Stones.
In case your Highness put him to it,
The Mercat Customs well may do it,
As for himself he is not rash,
Because he wants the ready Cash;
For if your Highness for some Reasons,
Should honour *Linton* with your Presence;
Your milk white Pelfrey would turn brown,
E're you ryde half but throw the Town.
And that would put upon our Name,
A blot of everlasting Shame.
Who are reputed Honest Fellows,
And stout as ever *William Wallace*.
Lastly, Great SIR, discharge us all
To go to Court without a Call.
Discharge Laird *Gifford* and *Hog Tards*,
James Dowglas and our *Linton* Lairds;
Old *William Younger* and *Geordy Purdy*,
Laird *Gifford*, *Scroges*, and little *Swordie*
And *English Andrew*, who has skill,
To Knap at every word so well.
Let *King'side* stay for the Town-Head,
Till that old Peevish Wife be Dead;
And that they go on no pretence,
To put this Place to great Expence.
Nor yet shall contribute their share,
To any who are going there.
To strive to be the greatest *Minions*
Or plead for this, or that Opinion.
If we have any things to spair,
Poor Widows they should be our Care:
The Fatherless, the Blind, the Lame,
That Sterve, and to Beg think shame.
So Fare-well, SIR, here is no Treason
But wealth of Ryme and part of Reason.
And for to save some needles Coast,
We send this our Address by Post.

E P I L O G U E

THrice Noble O R A N G E, Blest'd be the Time,
Such fair Fruit prosper'd in our *Northern* Clime:
Whose Sweet and Cordial Joyce affords us Matter,
And Sauce to make our Capons eat the better.
Long may Thou thrive and still thy Arms Advance,
Till *England* send an *Orange* into *France*;
Well guarded thorrow proud *Neptun's* Wawes, and then
What's sweet to us, may prove sour Sauce to them.
As *England* does, so *Caledonia* boasts,
She'l Fight with *Orange* for the Lord of Hosts.
And tho' the Tyrant hath unsheath'd his Sword,
Fy fear him not, he never keep't his word.